Public Ledger Co.
of Houghton Miglin Co. All E STORY THUS FAR I. Pulton has \$20.000,000 and II. I is curious to know what II. I is curious to know what III. I is more to the money be hasn't time III. I is the said of the III. I is the said directs his lawyer, of alx months, to give \$100,000 of three relatives. Pulton then Hillerton as "John Smith" to his helps behave when they get III. I is visiting one of them. Illinied. When this installing. She is showing him the

APTER V (Continued) T? Oh, that's my cousin Grace she was sixteen. She died; wonderful girl. I'll tell

do urged Mr. Smith, and even to be better, watching his face, have said that he was not abtended in Miss Flora's story cousin Grace."

Is not until the last leaf of the was reached that they came upon ource of a small girl, with big, ayer looking out from beneath

I's Mellicent—where you're board-u know—when she was little." ore frowned disapprovingly, "But rid, poor child!"

Smith.

Tes. I know. She always did." Miss a sighed and frowned again. She tated then burst out, as if irresistinged and frowned again. She tated then burst out, as if irresisting the first out as if irresisting the first out and if it is not taken you want it. Mr. Smith, it sin't cause they're poor, either yin't poor—not like me. I mean, it's always done well, and he's been odd provider; but it's my sister-in—her way, I mean. Not that I'm anything against Jane. I ain't. a good woman and she's very kind as a good woman and she's very kind for me if she only had the money. I see good housekeeper, too, and her les is an neat as wax. But it's just she as neat as wax. But it's just she never thinks she can use anye she's got till it's so out of date don't want it. I dressmake for her, see, so I know—about her sleever wear a decent thing she's so afraid ill rain she never takes any comfort it!"

"Aunt Maggie's a saint," said Mellicent

I throw—about her sleeves kirts, you know. And if she ever sheeves takes any comfort."

It is a unfortunate."

It is alm it? And she's brought up you have the same way. Why, from the same way. Why, from the sheeped the same way why, from the sheeped the same way. Why, from the sheeped the same way why, from the sheeped the same way. Why, from the sheeped the same way who have and sheeped the same way who, the same way through the sheeped the same way through the sheeped the sheeped the same way with the same way with some of the same when the same way through the sheeped the same way through the sheeped the same way through the same way. Why, from the same way is the came way through the sheeped the same way with the same way through the same way with the same way with the same way through the same way with the same way through the same way with the same way through the same way with the same way with t

Duff's a trial and no Maggie's a saint—that's ia!" It was Mellicent who re young voice vibrant with a feeling. "She's the dearest feeling. "She's the dearest feeling. "She's the dearest from was said just then, but ming, later, after Mellicent had had gone back down to the Disisdell took up the matter Maggie" again.

"bout our calling her 'poor a live made up my mind it's fre all so sorry for her. You been so unfortunate, as I Maggie! I've so often was something I could of course, if we only had we haven't; so I can't. And we haven't; so I can't. And wouldn't take away her haven't had away he was beauting of a trial, I take it.

"Buildell, in shocked only meant that she'd have to care for, just the same." withing of a trial, I take it.

Smith. I take it also had say he was. Pool wer she endures it. I f course we call him he's really not any reean to Frank and the matter.

The same state of the same sta

"Aunt Maggie's a saint," said Mellicent

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

By R. Estelle Everett

GEOFFREY HILTON tossed a penny on the counter, caught up a newspaper and hurried into the waiting car. He opened his paper, and, after finishing an article, was about to turn the page when he heard a smothered and disappointed "Oh!" beside him. He turned and discovered that he was sitting beside a very attractive girl, dressed in sports clothes, carrying a tennis racket. Her golden hair curled about her face bewitchingly; she turned her head so quickly that Hilton received only the timiest glimpse of blue eyes. He opened the paper to where it was before and the paper to where it was before and searched diligently for what had so in-I on the counter, caught up a newspaper and hurried into the waiting car. He opened his paper, and, after finishing an article, was about to turn the page when he heard a smothered and disappointed "Oh!" beside him. He turned and discovered that he was sitting beside a very attractive girl, dressed in sports clothes, carrying a tennis racket. Her golden hair curled about her face bewitchingly; she turned her head so quickly that Hilton received only the finiest glimpse of blue eyes. He opened the paper to where it was before and searched diligently for what had so interested the beautiful stranger. His search was of no avail, however, and soon the girl got off. Nearving his stop, and turning to press the button, Hilton noticed a postcard lying on the next seat, addressed to the firm of which he was an employe. He picked it up, slipped it into his pocket and promptly forget all about it.

"By Jove," he murmured, "Jack War-ren lives at 343. I wonder if he knows her. The next day, accidentally on purpose. Geoffrey Hilton happened to stroll by Jack Warren's place of business just as the latter was leaving for lunch. The two old collegemates were glad to meet again, and joyfully talked over old times. After a little maneuvering Hilton obtained for himself an invitation to dinner at the Warrens' that evening. dinner at the Warrens' that evening.

As it was still light after dinner, it thanks to Uncle Sam's light-saving idea, the two men had a set of tennis. After Mrs Warren came out they had another delightful hour on the veranda. It was with great interest that Hilton watched the house across the street. Suddenly a light glowed in one of the upper windows, and his girl of the car appeared to, pull down the curtain."

Wednesday evening for dinner and have a couple of sets of doubles."
"Why, it would be lovely," agreed his wife. "Could you come, Mr. Hilton?"
"With the greatest of pleasure," said Hilton heartily.
Soon Hilton bade his friends goodnight and departed, promising to be there Wednesday. That night he dreamed that he was at the Warrens playing tennis with Rosalle. Somehow his racket twisted and he sent the ball he was serving directly into Rosalle's face! Stunned be the blow, Rosalle, fainting, dropped to the ground. Hilton rushed for water, and awoke. "Yes; yes, indeed. I'll want to see those, of course," declared Mr. Smith. Trising to his feet preparatory to going to his own room.

CHAPTER VI

fainting, dropped to the ground. Find the first those, of course, declared Mr. Smith. Wednesday was an ideal August day. Hilton strode gayly along Somerset avenue, swinging his racket, his heart keeping time to his quick footsteps.

As Mrs. Warren introduced him to

Poor Maggie

I'WAS some days later that Mr. Smith asked Benny one afternoon to show him the way to Miss Maggie Duff's white-haired old man leaning forward

Tennis

went in to the dining room.

Mrs. Warren, ardent matchmaker that she was, made Rosalle and Hilton partners in the tennis which followed. All four were excellent players and there was a hard tussle for the games. They played until it was so dark they had to stop, leaving the score a tie.

Very often in the fortnight which followed Hilton was to be found in the vicinity of Somerset avenue—either at Rosalle's or the Warrens'. They had many delightful tennis games and cance trips on the near-by lake.

One afternoon in late September Geof.

One afternoon in late September Geof-frey and Rosalie were idly drifting across the lake in a canoe, when Geof-frey asked Rosalie to share the rest of his life with him.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette-"VACATION ON A FARM."

Ouite Enough

In the main street of the town the crowd screamed itself hourse as the local V. C. drove in the Mayor's carriage o the Town Hall to receive an address of welcome

of welcome,

The shouts and cheers were renewed
in the hall as the Mayor came to the
peroration of his speech.

"Now that Corporal Smashem has received the highest honor of the army, Now that Corporal Smashem has received the highest honor of the army,
it is my duty to announce to him that
the council has decided to place a tablet
on the wall of his old home, and we
are met here today to ask him to choose
the, inscription."
Then the corporal rose to his feet,
without the slightest display of nervousness or undue elation at his magnificent
reception.

supper windows, and his girl of the car appeared to, pull down the curtain.

"Nice girl—Rosalie Earnshaw," remarked Warren. "Do you know her."

"I believe I've seen her once or twice," reptied Hilton, "but 1 do not know her."

"Say, Beth," cried Jack, "I've a corking idea? Let's invite her and Jeff Wednesday evening for dinner and have larged to coule of sets of duptles."

"Why, it would be lovely," agreed his wife. "Could you come, Mr. Hilton?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," said.

"Answers."

"In believe I've seen her once or twice," reptied Hilton, "but 1 do not know her."

"Well," he said slowly, "if you're going to the magistrate from the home she's ling idea? Let's invite her and Jeff Wednesday evening for dinner and have a couple of sets of duptles."

"Why, it would be lovely," agreed his wife. "Could you come, Mr. Hilton?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," said.

"Ithe inscription."

The the corporal rose to his fect, without the slightest display of nervous-ness or undue elation at his magnificent of his dal!"

"What's too bad?" demanded King Crow. He looked down at his toes and lifted them up to inspect them.

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"And he is such a handsome bind otherwise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise, "went on Peggy, as if talking to the revise," went on Peggy, as if talking to the re

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

OLD KING CROW A complete new advesture each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday,

CHAPTER IV

Under the Magician's Spell (Peggy, going to assist Brownie Owl in his war on the Crows, finds herself in the power of old King Crow, who has the reputation of being an orge and magician.)

LOOK me in the eye," commanded King Crow. Peggy strove des-

Perstely not to obey him, but found her eyes rising, rising, until they looked straight into his deaby orbs.

"That's better," croaked King Crow, speaking very deliberately and very soothingly, "Now you are beginning to feel happy!" and sure enough there stole through Pergry's being a feeling of joyous exhilaration. "You will dance, dance, dance!" said King Crow, and Pergry found her feet moving. Faster, faster, faster! "And after you have danced we will feast, feast, feast." Pergry heard his voice as If it were far, far away, She seemed to be going to sleep. She was sinking under his sway. But she must not let him get control of her. She must fight to save herself-fight to save the Birds. With a great effort Pergry drew her eyes away from him. As she did so she felt the curious drowsiness leaving her.

King Crow saw her slipping from his

King Crow saw her slipping from his

"Look at me!" he croaked. "Look me straight in the eye." Peggy felt an almost overpowering desire to do as he said, but she resisted with all her might She remembered that she had once heard that if the attention of a hypnotist becomes distracted it is impossible for him to work his spell.



"Look me in the eye," commended King Crow

Peggy dropped her eyes to his toes and held them there. Maybe she could distract him that way. In vain he croaked dropped down through the roof. Old a dropped down through the roof. Old king Crow caught the eyes right on his feet until he began to grow fldgely.

"What are you looking at my feet for?" he stormed.

"My! My!" said Peggy, shaking her head pilyingly. "It's too bad! It's too bad!"

"What's too bad?" demanded King.

"Dance," ordered King Crow, and the Night Hawk began a vigorous hopping dance.

"Next prisoner," croaked King Crow, and a Whip-Poor-Will dropped through the roof.

"Don't look at him—he's trying to

"Look me in the eye," ordered King "He will charm you if you do," warned Peggy. Brownie Owl gave Peggy a frightened look, then his eyes went back to King Crow, whose orbs were fairly blasting.

"Dance," ordered King Crow, and Brownie Owl joined the Night Hawk and Whip-Poor-Will.

So it went on, with prisoner after prisoner dropping through the roof and coming under the spell in spite of Peggy's warnings.

"They must not dance themselves to death." cried Peggy. "Stop! Stop!"

"Dance! Dance!" croaked King Crow.

"They must not dance themselves to death." cried Peggy. "Stop! Stop!"
"Dance! Dance!" croaked King Crow.

It was the strangest dance Peggy had ever seen, with the birds hopping vigorously at first, then growing wearier and wearier until they were ready to drop. She wondered if King Crow was going to have his cannibalistic feast that very night, or if he would save them for breakfast.

He quickly answered her.
"Dance," he croaked. "Dance straight into my dungeon, there to await until my appetite is stronger!"
Peggy now saw what seemed to be a trap door in the rock in front of his throne. Into this trap door danced Brownie Owl, suddenly vanishing from sight, He was followed by prisoner after prisoner until not one was left.

Peggy gazed awestricken. She wondered what would be their fate. Did King Crow really intend to eat them? She looked up and found her gaze meeting that of King Crow. His eyes were finabing and seemed to dart sparks. She could not take her own eyes from them. "Dance," she heard his order, and to her horrer she found herself obeying. She felt herself drawn nearer and nearer to the dungeon. She was almost there, when suddenly a figure dropped through the roof and stood between her and King Crow. Her saver gave a hoot of defiance. It was Judge Owl, wearing the dark goggles which she had given him in a previous adventure, and looking very wise and mysterious.

"Who is this?" demanded King Crow, very much startled.

ture, and looking very wise and legiterious.

"Who is this?" demanded King Crow, very much startled.

"I am a mighty sorcerer." hooted Judge Owl solemnly. "I have come to match my magic against your magic, my spells against your spells, my bewitching eye against your bewitching eye. Rally all your powers, King Crow, for your day of testing has come!"

(Tomorrow will be described the strange sorcery battle between Judge Owl and King Crow)

The Cook-House Corporal

recking with perspiration, hurrying from

one man to another, urging them to

Twenty-four men, hidden in clouds of steam, half deafened by a roaring, hissing, rattling racket, are doing their best, There is a mixture of odors. Onlons fight for precedence with stewed apples, beiled cabbage with rice and pastry. The floor runs with water from the steam, grease from the cooking and mud from the workers' boots. Hither and thither run these men, shouting, swearing, and

The corporal has the responsibility of the cooking, and smiles through it all, admonishing this man, issuing an order to that one. He possesses the delightful knack of being obeyed without commanding. Yet this quiet little man be-

comes ruffled after the work is finished-

that is, after the meals are served. Ig-

complaints to come in. Here are a few:

Hut X1.-Porridge not cooked, tea

Hut X2.-Porridge overcooked, meat

Hut X3.—Tea not sweet enough, meat

So it goes on for half an hour, until,

in sheer desperation, the unfortunate

off to his noisy hut to try to get a

"little rest" before he is needed to pre-

like leather, tea too sweet.

own food, he waits for the

fresh efforts, he is always at work.

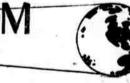
then bursting into song,

Out of sight of the rest of the camp,



ODD FILMS FROM TES CAMERA







The Teacher Taught

She had presented white feathers to onsumptive young men in civilian clothes; she had bothered wounded soldiers with her effervescent amiability; she had suspected every soldier's wife

arrived, Mrs. Brown was careful to im- were employed in its construction. your faculties of observation. Ye dinna too fat, not enough butter.

So she addressed a few words to the kid."

THE COST OF THE WAR



"Well, and ain't you dirty dogs seen any one 'avin' a wash before?" (No reply.) If it 'adn't been for you blighters, I should 'a' been 'avin' this at Margit with the missus an' kids."

Made Sure He Was Dead

The enterprising company in the The old Scotch professor-was trying to like washing-up water. Saved the Knifeboard Soudan had decided to lay a railway into observation.

When Jane, the new maid-of-all-work, the wilds and, of course, many blacks "No," he complained, "ye dinna use Soudan had decided to lay a railway into impress upon his students the value of

One day the telegraph clerk at the use 'em. For instance--" nearest civilized spot received a tele- rible odor, he stuck his finger into it and corporal seizes some food and rushes That night they had friends to supper. gram from the foreman of the railway then into his mouth. constructors:

"Yes," wired back the clerk. "But dent to student. first make sure that he is quite dead. felt a rebellion through his whole soul, Will send another white boss tomorrow." the old profesor laughed in triumph.

A few hours later another telegram "I told ye so!" he shouted. "Ye dinna

came from the foreman: shovel."-Tit-Bits.

Are There Such Children?

A little boy of six, who was traveling by rail, and regaling himself with chocothat the horse seemed inclined to be who was a fellow traveler, asking him

Smile or frown;
The War Cross and the Red Cross,
Or the cross that wins a crown.
The soldier or the saliorman;
The doctor, cook or tailorman; to take some. He was jumping about, and swishing The gentleman declined, saying: his tail in a way that alarmed her; she "No. thank you; I don't care for sweets now; but I did when I was a little

The child (who was quite unaccu "I hope," she said, smiling bravely, tomed to slang in any form, stared at the gentleman with the greatest amaze ment depicted on his face, and then said, "No, mum," he replied, "I have a wife in a tone of the greatest astonishment: "Was your mother a nanny-goat,

Picking up a pot of chemicals of hor-"Taste of it, gentlemen." he com-

"White boss dead. Shall I bury him?" manded as he passed the pot from stu-

Crosses

The dics we toss For gain or loss, For Fortune's

oldier or the sailorms ctor, cook or tailorm They who fight To save a life; The workingman, His busy wife. May win a cross Or wear a cross Aud wondrous Their reward Who worthily

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Proof

pare the next meal.—Answers.

"What was it the rich man called for use your faculties of observation! For in hell?" demanded the frantically ex-"Burled boss. Made sure he was quite if ye had observed ye would ha' seen cited temperance lecturer. "Was it dead. Hit him on the head with a large that the finger which I stuck into the pot whisky? No! Was it rum? No! It was na the finger I stuck into my was water, clear, cold, sparkling water mouth?"—The Saturday Journal. from some brook or mountain stream! Now, brothers, what does that show?" And the mild person in the crowd re-

> "It shows where all you teetotal fellows go to!"-Ideas.

The motorman on the Media car was inclined to be humorous. As he stopped at Rose Valley he spoke for the benefit of all present.

"this is the Valley of the Roses ' he said, "and here are a couple of them get-

And the blushes of the two pretty gir's who boarded the car justified the name

By EDWINA

"CAP" STUBBS—He Walks Off With All Honors

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•:•





WH CAN'TI NOBOBY











AS LOUD AS YOU KIN'